THE Christian POET, OR Divine Poems

On the FOUR Last THINGS.

(*VIZ.*)

DEATH, } HEAVEN
JUDGMENT, } and HELL

Written by the

Rev. Mr. POMFRET } Mr. WESTLEY,
E. of ROSCOMMON } DAN. DE FOE
Mr. NORRIS, } and OTHERS.

To which is added,

A POEM on the RESURRECTION, by the late *Joseph Addison*, Esq;

A Birth-Day POEM, by *Dean Swift*.

On Virtue, *&c.* by Mr. *Pope*.

On Eternity, by Mr. *Gay*.

With several other Divine POEMS.

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N. B. *The Pages ſhould have been continued Regular from the 48th to the End of the Book, inſtead of thoſe that are inſerted, and the Signatures inſtead of* K, L, M, N. *ſhould have been* E, F, G, H.

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THE PREFACE

AT a Time when an open War ſeems to be declar'd againſt Religion, and multitudes of Writings are daily puſh'd into the Light, tending only to Corrupt the People; I cannot diſſemble an Ambition of publiſhing Something written with no other View than of Amending them.

A very ſmall Part of the Guilty pretend to Juſtify their Actions from Principles of Infidelity: Few even of thoſe who are eſteemed Infidels, are Infidels from Conviction: Far the greateſt Part ridicule Religion, not from Diſbelief, but from Neglect, having habitually practiſed to think lightly of the moſt Important, and ludicrouſly of the moſt Sacred Things. They have learn'd the Art of diverting their Attention from unpleaſing Objects, and reſtraining their Thoughts from Excurſions into Futurity.

Whoever is Irreligious more from Cuſtom than Principle, may be Reclaim'd by a ſerious Proſpect of Death and Eternity; Subjects, which it might reaſonably be imagined, though we are every Day convinced of the contrary, no Man could think of without the deepeſt Concern, or without making ſome Proviſion for a State, into which he is perhaps, the next Moment to enter, and in which he is to continue to Eternity.

But this Proſpect is ill ſuited to the Temper of the Gay, the Airy, and Voluptuous; they who triſle away Life in unthinking Eaſe, or ſquander it in guilty Pleaſures, cannot bear a deliberate View of thoſe Images, which throw a Damp upon their Spirits, take away their guſt of Entertainment, diſperſe their Dreams of Happineſs, and put to flight the pleaſing Phantoms that dance before them.

This Averſion from Contemplation ſo violent and ſo deſtructive, can only be overcome by joining Diverſion with Advantage, and making what is moſt Salutary moſt Agreeable: People of this Taſte who read only for Amuſement, will never be invited to look twice upon a Book, which profeſſedly ſhews the Duties of Obedience and Repentance, but may perhaps beſtow a ſecond Glance upon Religion itſelf when diverſify'd with Philoſophy, or embelliſh'd with Poetry.

I have therefore choſen to lay before the Reader, a Collection of Poems in which his Removal from this World, and exiſtence in another, are conſider'd as well in a Philoſophical as a Religious Light; a Removal! an Exiſtence! which he will one Day certainly experience, the thought of which therefore, whether it awaken his Conſcience or not, cannot but excite his Curioſity, which he may gratify by finding here, the moſt probable Gueſſes, at, what we can now only gueſs, the Scenes, which ſhall be open'd in the dreadful Moment, that will tranſport him into new Worlds, to the converſe of other Beings; that will raviſh him with the Symphonies of Heaven, or aſtoniſh him with the Clamours of Hell.

The power of moving Language and harmonious Numbers has been ſufficiently evident in the ſucceſsful Propagation of Vice, and it is ſcarce conceivable that they ſhould immediately loſe their Efficacy when engaged in the Intereſts of Virtue, though they have indeed been ſo long the Inſtruments of Miſchief, that many ſeem to believe they can be uſed to no other End, and that Chriſtianity and fine Writing muſt always be at Variance, an idle Notion which has miſled many, who have prefer'd the Character of Politeneſs to that of

Goodneſs. The Authors of the following Collection will do no contemptible Service to Mankind, if they can ſhew that Piety and Elegance are not inconſiſtent, and that a Man may be a Wit, *without being an* Atheiſt.

Mr

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The END.

Divine Hymns AND POEMS.

SERAPHICK LOVE.

I.

THou Beauty's vaſt Abyſs, abſtract of all!
My Thoughts can lovely, great, or ſplendid call;
To thee in Heav'nly Flames, and pure Deſires,
My raviſh'd Soul impatiently aſpires.

II.

With Admiration, Praiſe, and endleſs Love,
Thou fill'ſt the wide replendent Worlds above,
And none can Rival, or with thee Compare,
Of all the bright Intelligences there.

III.

What Vapours then, what ſhort-liv'd Glories be
The Faireſt Idols of our Senſe to thee?
Before the ſtreaming Splendor of thine Eye,
The languid Beauties fall away and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat Delights of Senſe,
I'm charm'd with a Sublimer Excellence,
To whom all mortal Beauty's but a Ray,
A ſcatter'd Drop of his o'erflowing Day.

V.

How ſtrongly thou my panting Heart doſt move
With all the Holy Extaſies of Love!
In theſe ſweet Flames let me expire, and ſee
Unveil'd the Brightneſs of thy Deity.

VI.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly Bliſs
My Thoughts can ever reliſh after this;
No, deareſt Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy Smiles, to pleaſe, or ſatisfy me now.

Thoughts on DEATH.

I.

I'M almoſt to the Fatal Period come,
My forward Glaſs has well nigh run its laſt;
E'er

E'er a few Moments I muſt hear the Doom,
Which ne'er will be recall'd when once
its paſt.

II.

Methinks I have Eternity in View,
And dread to reach the Edges of the Shore,
Nor doth the Proſpect the leſs diſmal ſhew
For all the Thouſands that have launch'd
before.

III.

Why weep, my Friends? What is their Loſs
to mine?
I have but one poor doubtful Stake to throw
And with a dying Pray'r my Hopes reſign,
If that be loſt, I'm loſt for ever too.

IV.

'Tis not the painful Agonies of Death,
Nor all the gloomy Horrors of the Grave?
Were that the worſt, unmov'd I'd yield my
Breath,
And with a Smile the King of Terrors
brave.

V.

But there's an After-day, 'tis that I fear:
Oh, who ſhall hide me from that angry
Brow?
Already I the dreadful Accents hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.

ON THE

Day of Judgment.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

I.

NOw the black Days of univerſal Doom,
Which wond'rous Prophecies foretold,
are come;
What ſtrong Convulſions, what ſtupendous
Woe,
Muſt ſinking Nature under go,
Amidſt the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow.
Methinks I hear her, conſcious of her Fate,
With fearful Groans, and hideous Cries,
Fill the preſaging Skies;
Unable to ſupport the Weight,
Or of the preſent, or approaching Miſeries.
Methinks I hear her ſummon all,
Her guilty Off-ſpring, raving with Deſpair,
And trembling, cry aloud, prepare,
Ye ſublunary Pow'rs t'attend my Funeral!

II.

See, ſee the tragical Portents,
Thoſe diſmal Harbingers of dire Events!
Loud

Loud Thunders roar, and darting Light-
t'ning fly
Through the dark Concave of the trou-
bled Sky:
The fiery Ravage is begun, the End is nigh,
See how the glaring Meteors blaze!
Like baleful Torches, O they come,
To light diſſolving Nature to her Tomb!
And ſcatt'ring round their peſtilential
Rays,
Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild
Amaze.
Vaſt Sheets of Flame, and Globes of Fire,
By an Impetuous Wind are driven,
Thro' all the Regions of th'inferior Heaven,
Till hid in ſulph'rous Smoke, they ſeeming-
ly expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to ſee,
What mad Confuſion rages over all
This ſcorching Ball!
No Country is exempt, no Nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic Miſery.
What diſmal Havock of Mankind is made
By Wars, and Peſtilence, and Dearth,
Thro' the whole mournful Earth?
Which with a murdering Fury they invade,
Forſook by Providence, and all propitious
Aid.

Whilſt Fiends let looſe, their utmoſt Rage employ
To ruin all things here below;
The Malice and Revenge no Limits know,
But, in the univerſal Tumult, all deſtroy.

IV.

Diſtracted Mortals from their Cities fly
For Safety to their Champion Ground,
But there no Safety can be found;
The Vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting Fury does incloſe them round.
And whilſt for Mercy ſome aloud implore
The God, they ridicul'd before;
And others raving with their Woe,
(For Hunger, Thirſt, Deſpair they undergo,)
Blaſpheme and curſe the Power they ſhould adore.
The Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws extend,
And opening wide a dreadful Tomb,
The howling Multitude, at once, deſcends,
Together all into her burning Womb.

V.

The trembling *Alps* abſcond their aged Heads
In mighty Pillars of infernal Smoke,
Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,
And ſuffocates whole Nations where it ſpreads.

Some-

Sometimes the Fire within divides
The maſſy Rivers of thoſe ſecret Chains,
Which hold together their prodigious ſides;
And hurls the ſhatter'd Rocks o'er all the Plains
While Towns and Cities, ev'ry thing below,
Is overwhelmed with the ſame Burſt of Woe.

VI.

No Showers deſcend from the malignant Sky,
To cool the Burnings of the thirſty Field;
The Trees no Leaves, no Graſs the Meadows yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little Rivulets no more
To larger Streams their Tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing Ocean, they
Which with a ſtrange unuſual Roar,
Forſakes thoſe antient Bounds it would have paſs'd before,
And to the monſtrous Deep in vain retires;
For ev'n the Deep it ſelf is not ſecure,
But belching ſubterraneous Fires,
Increaſes ſtill the ſcalding Calenture,
Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water can endure.

VII.

The Sun by Sympathy concern'd,
At thoſe Convulſions, Pangs, and Agonies,
Which on the whole Creation ſeize,
Is to ſubſtantial Darkneſs turn'd.

The neighb'ring Moon, as if a purple Flood,
O'erflow'd her tottering Orb, appears
Like a huge Maſs of black corrupting Blood;
For ſhe her ſelf a Diſſolution fears.
The larger Planets, which once ſhone ſo bright
With the reflected Rays of borrow'd Light,
Shook from their Center, without Motion lie,
Unweildly Globes of ſolid Night,
And ruinous Lumber of the Sky.

VIII.

Amidſt this dreadful Hurricane of Woes,
(For Fire, Confuſion, Horror and Deſpair,
Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air;)
The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows,
At whoſe amazing Sound, freſh Agonies
Upon expiring Nature ſeize;
For now ſhe'll in few Minutes know
Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.
Awake, ye Dead, awake he cries,
For all muſt come,
All that had human Breath ariſe,
To hear your laſt unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the ghaſtly Tyrant, who had ſway'd
So many thouſand Ages uncontroul'd,
No longer could his Scepter hold,
But gave up all, and was himſelf a Captive made.

The

The ſcatter'd Particles of human Clay,
Which in the ſilent Grave's dark Chambers lay,
Reſume their priſtine Forms agen,
And now from mortal, grow immortal Men.
Stupendous Energy of ſacred Pow'r,
Which can collect, where-ever caſt;
The ſmalleſt Atoms, and that Shape reſtore,
Which they had worn ſo many Years before
Tho' thro' ſtrange Accidents and numerous Changes paſt.

X.

See how the joyful Angels fly
From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
To gather, and to convoy all,
The pious Sons of human Race,
To one capacious Place,
Above the Confines of this flaming Ball.
See with what Tenderneſs and Love they bear
Thoſe righteous Souls thro' the tumultuous Air;
Whilſt the Ungodly ſtand below,
Raging with Shame, Confuſion, and Deſpair,
Amidſt the burning Overthrow,
Expecting fiercer Torments, and acuter Woe.
Round them infernal Spirits howling fly;
O Horror, Curſes, Tortures, Chains, they cry
And roar aloud with execrable Blaſphemy.

XI.

XI.

Hark how the daring Sons of Infamy
Who once diſſolv'd in Pleaſures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,
To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry;
But Rocks and Mountains all in Aſhes lie.
Their Shame's ſo mighty, and ſo ſtrong their Fear,
That rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongſt the burning Ruins of the World,
And lie conceal'd, if poſſible, for ever there.
Time was, they would not own a Deity,
Nor after Death a future State;
But now, by ſad Experience find too late,
There is, and terrible to that Degree,
That, rather than behold his Face, they'd ceaſe to be.
And ſure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give Conſent,
To have no Being, but they muſt remain
For ever, and for ever be in Pain,
O inexpreſſible ſtupendous Puniſhment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet muſt be underwent.

XII.

But now the eaſtern Skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent aſcends,
And to the ſublunary world his Paſſage bends;
Where, cloath'd with human Nature, he did once reſide.

Round

Round him the bright ethereal Armies fly,
And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* ſing,
With Songs of Praiſe, and Hymns of Victory
To their celeſtial King,
All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majeſty,
Now and for everlaſting Ages be,
To the eſſential *One*, and co-eternal *Three*.
Periſh that World, as 'tis decreed,
Which ſaw the God incarnate bleed!
Periſh by thy almighty Vengeance thoſe
Who durſt thy Perſon, or thy Laws expoſe.
The curſed Refuſe of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed
Now to the unbelieving Nations ſhow,
Thou art a God from all Eternity;
Not titular, or but by Office ſo;
And let 'em the myſterious Union ſee,
Of human Nature with the Deity.

XII.

With mighty Tranſports, yet with awful Fears,
The Good behold this glorious Sight,
Their God to all his Majeſty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And ſeated on a Throne of everlaſting Light,
Round the Tribunal, next to the moſt high,
In ſacred Diſcipline and Order ſtand,
The Peers and Princes of the Sky,
As they excel in Glory or Command.

Upon

Upon the right Hand that illuſtrious Croud
In the white Boſom of a ſhining Cloud,
Whoſe Souls abhorring all ignoble Crimes,
Did with a ſteady Courſe purſue
His holy Precepts, in the worſt of times;
Maugre what Earth, or Hell, what Men or
Devils could do,
And now that God they did to Death adore,
For whom ſuch Torments and ſuch Pains
they bore,
Returns to place them on thoſe Thrones
above,
Where undiſturb'd, uncloy'd, they will
poſſeſs
Divine ſubſtantial Happineſs,
Unbounded as his Pow'r, and laſting as his
Love.

XIV.

Go bring, the Judge impartial, frowning
cries,
Thoſe rebel Sons, who did my Laws de-
ſpiſe;
Whom neither Threat, nor Promiſes could
move,
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,
To ſave themſelves from everlaſting Miſeries.
At this ten Millions of Archangels flew
Swifter than Lightning, or the ſwifteſt
Thought
And leſs than in an inſtant brought,

The

The wretched, curs'd infernal Crew,
Who with diſtorted Aſpects come,
To hear their ſad intolerable Doom.
Alas! they cry, one Beam of Mercy ſhow,
Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon Crimes is natural to thee;
Cruſh us to nothing, or ſuſpend our Woe:
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we muſt go into a Gulph of Fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend;)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at laſt expire,
And all our Tortures have an End.
Eternal Burnings, O we cannot bear!
Tho' now our Bodies too immortal are,
Let 'em be pungent to the laſt Degree;
And let our Pains innumerable be,
But let 'em not extend to all Eternity.

XV.

Loe now, there does no Place remain
For Penitence, and Tears, but all
Muſt by their Actions ſtand or fall:
To hope for Pity is in vain,
The Dye is caſt, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought,
In this, impartially recorded, ſtands
The Laws of nature, and divine Commands,
In that, each Action, Word and Thonght
Whate'er was ſaid in Secret, or in Secret wrought.

Then

Then first the Virtuous, and the Good,
Who all the Fury of Temptation ſtood,
And bravely paſs'd thro' Ignominy, Chains
and Blood;
Attended by their Guardian Angels come
To the tremendous Bar of final Doom.
In vain the grand Accuſer, railing brings,
A long Indictment of enumerous Things,
Whoſe guilt wip'd off by penitential tears:
And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,
No more to their aſtoniſhment appears,
But in the ſecret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

Come now my Friends, he cries, ye Sons
of Grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and ſhame,
Deſpis'd and hated for my Name,
Come to your Saviour's, and your God's
Embrace!
Aſcend, and thoſe bright Diadems poſſeſs,
For you by my eternal Father made,
E'er the Foundation of the world was laid;
And that ſurprizing Happineſs,
Immenſe as my own God-head, and will ne'er
be leſs.
For when I languiſhing in Priſon lay,
Naked and ſtarv'd almoſt for want of Bread,
You did your kindly Viſits pay,
Both cloath'd my Body, and my hunger fed.
Wearied with Sickneſs, or oppreſs'd with
Grief, Your

Your Hand was always ready to ſupply:
When-e'er I wanted, you were always by
To ſhare my Sorrows, or to give Relief.
In all Diſtreſs, ſo tender was your Love,
I could no anxious Trouble bear,
No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care,
But you were ſtill impatient to remove,
And mourn'd your charitable Hand, ſhould unſucceſsful prove.
All this you did, tho' not to me
In Perſon, yet to mine in Miſery;
And ſhall for ever live
In all the Glories that a God can give,
Or a created Being's able to receive.

XVII.

At this the Architects divine on high
Innumerable Thrones of Glory raiſe,
On which they, in appointed Order place
The human Co-heirs of Eternity;
And with united Hymns the God incarnate praiſe.
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty *One*,
Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,
By all thy Creatures conſtantly ador'd!
Ineffable Co-equal *Three*,
Who from Non-entity gave Birth
To Angels, and to Men, to Heaven and to Earth;
Yet always was thy ſelf, and will for ever be.

But

But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er poſſeſt
Theſe Thrones, and this immenſe Felicity,
Could ne'er have been ſo infinitely bleſt:
Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Ma-
To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee, [jeſty,
For ever, longer than for ever be.

XVIII.

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his Face
To thoſe upon the Left, and cries,
(Almighty Vengeance flaſhing in his Eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving Race,
To thoſe eternal Torments go,
Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious Sons of Light,
In burning Darkneſs, and flaming Night;
Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
But always are extream, and always will be ſo.
The final ſentence paſs'd, a dreadful Cloud,
Incloſing all the miſerable Croud,
A mighty Hurricane of Thunder roſe,
And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,
Which never, never, never can expire:
The vaſt Abyſs of endleſs Woes.
Whilſt with their God, the Righteous
mount on high,
In glorious Triumph paſſing thro' the ſky,
To Joys immenſe, and everlaſting Extaſy.

HYMN

HYMN
ON
HEAVEN.

I.

HAil ſacred *Salem* plac'd on High!
Seat of the mighty King,
What Thought can graſp thy boundleſs Bliſs?
What Tongue thy Glories ſing?

II.

Thy cryſtal Tow'rs and Palaces
Magnificently riſe,
And dart their beauteous Luſtre round
The Empirean Skies.

III.

The Voice of Triumph in thy Streets,
And Acclamations, ſound:
Gay Banquets in thy ſplendid Courts,
And Nuptial Joys abound.

IV.

Bright Smiles on ev'ry Face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry Eye;
From ev'ry Mouth glad Anthems flow,
And charming Harmony.

V.

Illuſtrious Day for ever there,
Streams from the Face Divine:
No pale-fac'd Moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor Stars, nor Sun, decline.

VI.

No ſearching Heats, no piercing Colds,
The changing Seaſons bring,
But o'er the Fields mild Breezes there
Breathe an Eternal Spring.

VII.

The Flow'rs with laſting Beauty ſhine,
And deck the ſmiling Ground,
While flowing Streams of Pleaſure all
The happy Plains ſurround.

On Heaven.

WHat glorious things of thee, O glorious Place!
Shall my bold Muſe in daring numbers ſpeak
While to immortal Strains I tune my Lyre,
And warbling imitate Angelick Airs:
While Extaſie bears up my Soul aloft,
And lively Faith gives me a diſtant Glimpſe
Of Glories unreveal'd to humane Eyes.

Y

Ye Starry Manſions, hail: my native skies:
Here in my happy, pre-exiſtent State,
(A ſpotleſs Mind) I led the Life of Gods.
But paſſing, I ſalute you, and advance
To yonder brighter Realms allow'd Acceſs.

Hail, ſplendid City of th' Almighty King!
Celeſtial *Salem*, ſituate above;
Magnificent thy Proſpect, and Auguſt,
Thy Walls Sublime, thy Tow'rs and Palaces
Illuſtrious far, with orient Gems appear.
There Regent Angels, crown'd with Stars command.
High in the midſt, the awful Throne of God
Aſcends the utmoſt Empirean Arch.
The Heav'n of Heavens, were inconceiveleſs Light,
Such as Infinity alone can prove,
H' enjoys th' extreameſt Bounds of Happineſs,
And was in perfect Bleſſedneſs the ſame
E'er any Thing exiſted but himſelf;
E'er Time, or Place, or Motion, had a Name;
Before the Spheres begun their tuneful Round;
Or through the Air the Sun had ſpread his Beams;
E'er at his Feet the flaming Seraphs bow'd,
And caſt their ſhining Crowns before his Throne;
E'er ſmiling Angels tun'd their golden Harps,
Or ſung one Hallelujah to his Praiſe,

But mighty Love which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to commnicate his Bliſs.

O ſpeak you happy Spirits that ſurround
His dazling Throne, for you alone can tell,
For you alone thoſe Raptures can deſcribe,
And ſtem th' impetuous Floods of Joy that riſe
Within your Breaſts, when all unvail'd you View
The Wonders of the beatifick Sight:
When from the bright unclouded Face of God
You drink full Draughts of Bliſs and endleſs Love,
And plunge your ſelves in Life's immortal Fount;
The Spring of Joy which from his darling Throne
In endleſs Currents ſmoothly glides away,
Thro' all the verdant Fields of Paradice,
Thro' balmy Groves where on their flow'ry Banks,
To murm'ring Waters, and ſoft whiſp'ring Winds,
Fair Spirits in melodious Conſort join,
And ſweetly warble their heroick Loves:
For love makes half their Heav'n, and kindles here
New Flames and ardent Life in ev'ry Breaſt;
While active Pleaſures lightens in their Eyes,
And

And ſparkling Beauty ſhine on every Face:
Their ſpotleſs Minds, all pure and exquiſite,
The nobleſt Heights of Love prepar'd to Act
In everlaſting Sympathies unite,
And melt in flowing Joys Eternity away.

To theſe bleſt Shades and amarantine Bow'rs,
When dazled with th' unſufferable Beams
That iſſue from the open Face of God,
For Umbrage many a Seraphim reſorts:
Nor longer here o'er their bright Faces claſp
Their gorgeous Wings, which open wide diſplay
More Radiance than adorns the chearful Sun,
When firſt he from the roſie Eaſt looks out:
Gentle as Love, their Looks ſerene as Light,
Blooming and Gay as everlaſting Springs.

But Oh! When in the lofty bliſsful Bow'rs,
With heav'nly Skill, to the harmonious Lyre,
The clear, the ſweet, the melting Voice they join,
The Vales of Heav'n rejoice, ecchoing loud,
Redouble ev'ry charming Cloſe agen,
While trembling Winds upon their fragrant Wings
Bear far the ſoft melodious Sounds away,
The ſilver Streams their winding Journeys ſtay,

Suſpend their Murmurs, and attend the Song;
The laughing Fields new Flow'rs and Verdure wear,
And all the Trees of Life bloom out afreſh.
The num'rous Suns which gild the Realms of Joy
Dance in their lightſome Spheres, and brighter Day,
Thro' all th' interminable Æther Dart,
While to the great unutterable Name
All Glory they aſcribe in lofty Strains.
In Strains expreſleſs by a mortal Tongue.
O happy Regions! O tranſporting Place!
With what Regret I turn my loathing Eyes
To yonder earthly Globe, my dusky Seat;
But, Ah, I muſt return, no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the ſoft, celeſtial, Air,
And view the myſtick Wonders of the Skies.

A DESCRIPTION of

H E L L,

In Imitation of Mr. MILTON.

DEep, to unfathomable Spaces deep,
Deſcend the dark, deteſted, Paths of Hell,

The

The Gulph of Execration and Deſpair,
Of Pain, and Rage, and pure unmingled Woe;
The Realms of endleſs Death, and Seats of Night,
Uninterrupted Night, which ſees no Dawn,
Prodigious Darkneſs! which receives no Light
But from the ſickly blaze of ſulph'rous flames,
That caſt a pale and dead Reflection round,
Diſcloſing all the deſolate Abyſs,
Dreadful beyond what humane Thought can form,
Bounded with circling Seas of liquid Fire.
Aloft the blazing Billows curl their Heads,
And form a Roar along the direful Strand,
While ruddy Cat'racts from on high deſcend
And urge the fiery Ocean's ſtormy Rage.
Impending Horrors o'er the Region frown.
And weighty Ruin threatens from on high;
Inevitable Snares, and fatal Pits,
Gulphs of deep Perdition wait below;
Whence iſſue long, remedileſs, Complaints,
With endleſs Groans, and everlaſting Yells,
Legions of ghaſtly Fiends (prodigious Sight!)
Fly all confus'd acroſs the ſickly Air,
And roaring horrid, ſhake the vaſt Extent.
Pale meagre Spectres wander all around,
And penſive ſhades, & black deformed ghoſts.
With impious Fury ſome aloud Blaſpheme,
And wildly ſtaring upwards Curſe the Skies;
While ſome, with gloomy Terror in their Looks,

Trembling all over, downward caſt their Eyes,
And tell in hollow Groans their deep Deſpair.

Convinc'd by fatal Proofs, the Atheiſt here
Yields to the ſharp tormenting Evidence,
And of an infinite Eternal Mind,
At laſt the challeng'd Demonſtration meets.
The Libertine his Folly here laments,
His blind Extravagance, that made him ſell
Unfading Bliſs, and everlaſting Crowns,
Immortal tranſports, and Celeſtial Feaſts,
For the ſhort Pleaſure of a ſordid Sin,
For one fleet Moment's deſpicable Joy.
Too late, all loſt, for ever loſt, he ſees
The envy'd Saints triumphing from afar,
And Angels basking in the Smiles of God.
But Oh! that all was for a trifle loſt,
Gives to his bleeding Soul perpetual wounds.

The wanton Beauty, whoſe bewitching arts,
Has drawn ten thouſand wretched Souls to Hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry Blandiſhment and Charm,
All black, and horrid, ſeeks the darkeſt ſhades
To ſhun the Fury of revengeful Ghoſts,
That with vindictive Curſes ſtill purſue,
The Author of their miſerable Fate,
Who from the Paths of Life ſeduc'd their Souls,
And led them down to theſe accurſt Abodes.

The

The Fool that ſold his Heav'n for gilded Clay,
The Scorn of all the Damn'd ev'n here laments
His ſordid Heaps; which ſtill to purchaſe, he
A ſecond Time wou'd forfeit all above:
Nor covets Fields of Light nor ſtarry wreaths,
Nor Angels Songs, nor pure unmingled bliſs,
But for his darling Treaſures ſtill repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his Doom,
He ſees ſome thoughtleſs Prodigal conſume.
Beyond them all a miſerable Hell
The execrable Perſecutor finds,
No Spirit howls among the Shades below
More Damn'd, more Fierce, nor more a Fiend then he
Aloud he Heav'n and Holineſs blaſphemes,
While all his Enmity to Good appears,
His Enmity to Good; once falſly call'd
Religious Warmth, and Charitable Zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpaſſable Abyſs,
To aggravate his Righteous Doom, he views
The bliſsful Realms, and there the Schiſmatic,
The Viſionary, the deluded Saint,
By him ſo often hated, wrong'd and ſcorn'd,
So often curs'd and damn'd, and baniſh'd thence,
He ſees him there poſſeſt of all that Heav'n,
Thoſe Glories, thoſe Immortal Joys, which he,
The Orthodox, unerring Catholic,

The

The mighty Fav'rite, and Elect of God,
With all his miſchievous, converting, Arts,
His killing Charity, and burning Zeal,
His pompous Creeds, and boaſted Faith, has loſt.

On DEATH.

I Come, I come, and joyfully obey
The Fatal Voice that ſummons me away:
With Pleaſure I reſign this mortal Breath,
And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death.
O welcome Stroke that gives me Liberty!
Welcome as to the Slave a Jubilee.
Of the vain World I take my laſt Adieu,
The promis'd Land is now within my View;
The Clouds diſpel, the ſtormy Danger's paſt
And I attain the peaceful Shores at laſt.
My hopes dear Objects now are all in Sight,
The Lands of Love, and unexhauſted Light,
The flowing Streams of Joy, and endleſs Bliſs
The ſhining Plains, and Walks of Paradice,
The Trees of Life, Immortal Fruits and Flowers,
The tall celeſtial Groves, and charming Bowers.
I breathe the balmy Empirean Air,
The Songs of Angels, and their Harps, I hear
And ſcarce the fierce tyrannic Joy can bear.

The

The Warning.

ALL you who leap Religion's ſacred fence,
And hunt th' ignoble Chace of Luſt and Senſe,
Whoſe impious ſome helliſh Fiend inſpires!
And Tongues, & Eyes confeſs adult'rous fires;
Who down your wretched Souls in Floods of Wine,
And to the Beaſt the nobler Man reſign:
Who with loud Oaths, and Curſes rend the Sky,
And dare immortal Virtue's bright Authority.
With earneſt Speed your darling Vice fore-go,
Which elſe will prove your certain Over-throw.
For ſince Heav'ns awful King is Juſt and Pure,
You muſt the Laſhes of his Wrath endure.
Muſt e're 'tis long, to your Confuſion, find
That th' injur'd God is neither Deaf nor Blind.

On

On *SIN.*

WHere ſhall an unexperienc'd Muſe begin,
To trace the thouſand ſecret Paths of Sin?
How paint her ſtrange Variety of Dreſs,
And all her guileful Stratagems expreſs,
Each ſoft Deluſion, ev'ry ſubtle Art,
To charm the Ear, or captivate the Heart;
While ſhe ſits watching ev'ry idle Hour,
And with our wanton Thoughts improves her Pow'r?

For ſome ſhe tries the Muſic of her Tongue,
In Sounds far ſweeter than the *Syren's* Song;
Reſiſtleſs this; but when ſhe adds the Charms
Of Beauty, Oh! how forcibly ſhe warms!
Reaſon ſubmits, and knows not to controul
The darling Paſſion of the raptur'd Soul.
Soon fall the Wretch to Sin an eaſy Prey,
And Shame confounds, or Sickneſs ends his Day.

But if *Circean* Arts too feeble prove,
She doubts not the Intrigue of am'rous *Jove:*
When (as your *Poets* ſay) a Golden Rain
He dropt in *Danae's* Lap, nor dropt in vain.

Dire

Dire Thirſt of Gold! what Magic in thee lies,
That breaks thro' Honour, Friendſhip, Nature's Ties?
No Act ſo vile, but thy perſuaſive Pow'r,
Tempting with Semblance fair, can gloſs it o'er:
No Act ſo impious, but the daring Hand
Will perpetrate, when urg'd by thy Command.
Thou Bawd to Sin! chief Inſtrument to wound
The Peace of Man, and ſcatter Death around.

But all ſubmit not to the Pow'r of Gold,
It ſeldom tempts the gen'rous, brave, and bold.
Yet Sin, her willing Vot'ries to engage,
Still ev'ry Humour ſuits, and ev'ry Age;
And theſe to charm, diſplays a pompous View,
Titles, and Crowns, a counterfeited Shew!
Ambition ruſhes on with headſtrong Force,
No Curb can check the Fury of its Courſe;
No Laws, or human or divine, reſtrain
The frantic Paſſion, fond Deſire, to reign;
Till it o'erleaps itſelf, and falls full low,
From viſionary Joys to real Woe:
As once from Heav'n uſurping Angels fell,
And by their mad Ambition founded Hell.

Thus

Thus Sin with Wealth and Pleaſure oft deceives,
And oft with Pow'r the free-born Mind enſlaves,
When Care we want, and Conduct to improve,
With modeſt Art theſe Bleſſings from above;
But fly betimes, fond Youth, her treach'rous Wiles,
And with Diſdain return her Harlot Smiles;
Fair tho' they ſeem, fell Poiſon lurks beneath;
Her Service all is *Drudgery*, her Wages *Death*.

On *Repentance*.

'TIS a ſad painful living Death he dies,
Who from his God, his Guardian, faithleſs flies,
And vainly hopes in Sin's ſoft Arms to find
Joys, that will ſatiate his luxurious Mind.
Miſtaken Wretch, a Tide of bitter Woes
Sudden pours in, and the ſick Heart o'erflows.
Can Riches ſave him? or can *Galen*'s Art,
With ſome kind Opiate lull the raging ſmart?
No; ever-wakeful Guilt ſtill racks the Sight
With ghaſtly Goblin Shapes, dread Sons of Night:

Nor

Nor all *Peru* can bribe the Pow'rs above,
Or the dire Inmate of the Soul remove.
But hear the *Prophet*'s Voice, a Voice from Heav'n,
That cries, *Repent, your Sins shall be forgiv'n.*

Has then *Repentance* ſuch a mighty Charm,
To ſtay the Thunderer's uplifed Arm;
T' arreſt the flying Bolt, prevent the Blow,
And ſmooth the Terrors of his angry Brow;
To give a Theme for Praiſe around the Throne,
And glad all Heaven with a new-born Son?
Can it recall the Sinner's fleeting Breath
From the dread Confines of eternal Death;
Heal his ſick Heart, and pleaſingly controul
The various Paſſions of the ſtormy Soul?
Can it reſolve them into Peace and Love,
Fit for the Converſe of the Saints above;
The Faith confirm, the dying Hopes revive,
With all that Man can ask, or God can give?
And will you not repent? unthinking Fool!
To ſport thus long with an immortal Soul;
To give it up a Prey to ſullen Care,
And all the hideous Horrors of Deſpair;
To plunge in an Abyſs of Miſery,
When 'twere as eaſy to aſcend the Sky;
To urge th' unmeaſur'd Hate of God above,
When 'twere as eaſy to regain his Love.
'Tis but to bow the ſtubborn knee to Heav'n,
And ask with Heart ſincere to be forgiv'n;

To

To look with Faith to the *Almighty*'s Throne,
And plead the Merits of his dying Son.
So ſhall the glorious *Paraclete* deſcend,
And from thy Boſom drive the buſie Fiend.
Whence all thy Fears, and anxious Doubts ſhall ceaſe,
And ev'ry Scene of Life be bleſt with Heav'nly Peace.

On *HELL.*

THink not to die, and in the ſenſeleſs Tomb
Calmly to ſleep, is all the Sinner's Doom,
As if no After-Pains were to be fear'd,
Nor *God* in Judgment terrible, rever'd.

'Tis not all Cant, or Sounds of empty Air,
That from the warning Pulpit wounds the Ear,
The very *Word* of *Heav'ns Almighty Lord*,
That pierceth deeper than the *two-edg'd Sword*,
Threatens a living Lake of ſulph'rous Flame,
Ever to feed upon th' immortal Frame,
Unable to conſume its laſting Prey,
Or grant that wiſh'd-for Bleſſing, *not to be.*
This is the Sinner's *Hell*, and to be driv'n
In endleſs Baniſhment, from *God* and *Heav'n*;
Where

Where pining Sorrow, vainly-mad Deſpair,
With Pains too ſhocking, ev'n for thought to bear,
Still urge the Wretch, that on the Torture lies,
Sleepleſs, and ever-dying, never dies.

The Murd'rers here pour forth their hideous Yell;
Firſt Tenants, and the blackeſt Band in Hell:
From him who' a *Brother* ſlew in envious Rage,
To all pretending *Cato*'s of this Age:
Who laviſh of a Treaſure not their own,
Contrive eternally to be undone;
From Ills they fly, and momentary Pain,
Poor Cowards as they are! but fly in vain:
Legions of Devils watch the fatal Blow,
And hail the new Companion of their Woe.

Nor can the Traitor hope a milder Fate,
Th' Oppreſſor, Covetous, or luſtful Great,
Much leſs the Atheiſt, (Atheiſt now no more,
Tho' he *Spinoſa* were, or *Hobbs* before,)
Or any of that Crew, whoſe daring Rage
Empties its Venom on the *ſacred Page*;
Nay, adds to impious Jeſts Scurrility: ——
If here I tremble, *Woolſton*, 'tis for thee,
Still mindleſs that thy *God* can ſtill forgive,
And only to Repentance bids thee live.

An execrable Band of Crimes remain,
That merit *Hell*, and *Hell*'s their certain Gain:
But to declare what is, or what has been
The num'rous Progeny of Death and Sin,
Requires a God, or more than human Mind,
Since *Virgil* the unequal Task declin'd.

But *God* in Mercy hath each Sin declar'd,
And *Hell* assign'd to each, its due Reward:
That hence we might indulge a pious Dread,
And this Life's slipp'ry Path with Caution tread.

Know then, and fear; for as he is most true,
His *Wisdom* cannot threaten, what his *Pow'r* can't do.

On *Heaven.*

CElestial Faith! lend me thy piercing Eye
To view the Glories of the distant Sky;
Fast fix my Mind, preventive Hope, on these,
Nor let the Earth with gaudy Trifles please;
And, gracious Charity, do thou inspire
My rapt'rous Soul with all-informing Fire.

Now, now I see, or think I see th' Abode
Of perfect Saints, the Paradise of God.——
This is that *Salem*, of substantial Mould,
Whose Walls are Diamond, and whose Streets are Gold, Whose

Whoſe Day is not illumin'd with the Sun,
Nor Night is guided by the changeful Moon;
Nor buſy Day, nor ſilent Night are here,
Nor reſtleſs Seaſons fill the circling Year:
But God, the Spring of Light, pours from the Throne
His Radiant Glory, ever conſtant, ever one.
No dull-ey'd Melancholy, or mad Deſpair,
Pale Sickneſs, meagre Want, or gloomy Care;
No jealous Envy, or revengeful Hate,
Can paſs the ſev'n-fold Adamantine Gate;
Nor Death, who Thouſands to theſe Realms of Bliſs
Daily conveys, can get himſelf Acceſs:
But all is Harmony, and Love and Joy,
And Sweets that ever ſatiate, never cloy,
Where Life, a Shadow, or a Dream before,
Now reigns with real and immortal Pow'r.
Here flaming *Seraphim* inceſſant ſing
The wondrous Praiſe of their Almighty King;
And all th' Angelic Hoſt in ſolemn Strains
Fill with Devotion the Empereal Plains;
Patriarchs, who Virtue's ſacred Paths firſt trod,
And taught the Infant World to know their God;
Prophets, whoſe myſtic Oracles of Old,
Our ſuffering, dying Saviour Chriſt foretold;
And holy Apoſtles, who confirm'd their Lord,
And far thro' diſtant Nations ſpread his Word;

Martyrs, who Heathen Cruelty defy'd,
And for Truths Sake with ſtubborn Patience dy'd;
Kings, who dealt Love and Juſtice from the Throne,
And made the Welfare of Mankind their own;
And Prelates, who with Chriſtian Zeal inſpir'd,
Their Maker's Glory, not their own, deſir'd;
Whoſe Precepts Sanction from their Lives receiv'd,
Who taught like *Compton*, and like *Compton* liv'd.
Th' unbiaſs'd Judge, and Patriot, ever true
To ſerve his Prince, and ſerve his Country too;
Theſe, with innumerable Numbers more,
The charitable Rich, the virtuous Poor,
All theſe their joyful Hallelujahs join,
And ſwell with tuneful Harps the Song divine.
Well may they ſing, and praiſe Almighty Pow'r,
And with ecſtatic Gratitude adore,
Who at the Fount of Truth their Thirſt allay,
And all God's complicated Works ſurvey;
In Nature, Providence, and Grace ſtill riſe
New Wonders to engage their feaſted Eyes;
Who ſeeing all that Beauty can expreſs,
Love all they ſee, and all they love poſſeſs.

Lord,

Lord, what is Man, for whom thou haſt
prepar'd,
This bliſsful Heav'n, unmerited Reward?
Oh! cou'd th' Aſpirer, or the Slave to Gold,
Theſe Fields of Lights, and ſtarry Crowns
behold,
With what Contempt and Scorn wou'd they
look down
On gilded Clay, or a precarious Throne!
The Libertine wou'd quit, with eaſy Strife,
The darling Pleaſures of his wanton Life,
Knew he what Tranſports here fill ev'ry
Breaſt,
The Scene how pompous, how profuſe the
Feaſt.
Hither, great God, let all our Wiſhes tend,
And pant for this our happy Journey's End,
Where Joys commenſurate to' our Souls a-
bound,
And Love, and Peace, for ever keep their
Round!

ON THE

Reſurrection.

By Mr. ADDISON.

THE Pencil's glowing Lines and vaſt Command,
And Mankind riſing from the Painter's Hand,
The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,
And Spectres trembling at the dreadful Sight,
To ſing, O Muſe, the pious Bard inſpire,
And waken in his Breaſt the Sacred Fire.

The hallow'd Field, a bare white Wall of late,
Now cloath'd in gaudy Colours, ſhines in State;
And leſt ſome little Interval confeſs
Its antient ſimple Form, and homely Dreſs;
The skilful Artiſt laid o'er every Part
The firſt Foundation of his future Art:

O'er the wide Frame his ductile Colours led,
And with ſtrong Primings all the Wall o'erſpread.

As e'er yon ſpangling Orbs were hung on high,
Leſt one great Blank ſhould yawn thro' boundleſs Sky,
Thro' the wide heavenly Arch and trackleſs Road
In Azure Volumes the pure *Æther* flow'd;
The *Sun* at length burns out, intenſely bright,
And the pale *Creſcent* ſheds her borrow'd Light.
With thick-ſown Stars the radiant *Pole* is crown'd,
Of milky Glories a long tract is found,
O'erflows, and whitens all the Heav'ns around.

So when the Ground-work of the Piece was laid,
Nor yet the Painter had his Art diſplay'd,
With ſlower Hand, and Pencil more divine,
He blends each Colour, heightens ev'ry Line;
Till various Forms the breathing Picture wears,
And a mute *Groupe* of Images appears.

Celeſtial Guards the topmoſt height attend,
And Crouds of Angels o'er the Wall deſcend;

With their big Cheeks the deaf'ning Clarions wind,
Whose dreadful Clangors startle all mankind:
Ev'n the Dead hear; the lab'ring Graves conceive,
And the swoln Clod in Picture seems to heave:
Ten thousand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Coarses rise.
So when fam'd *Cadmus* sow'd the fruitful Field,
With pregnant Throws the quicken'd Furrow swell'd:
From the warm Soil sprung up a warlike train,
And Human Harvests cover'd all the Plain.
And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The scatter'd Dust is call'd to second Birth;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Mass,
Or humbly mix'd, and flourish'd in the Grass.
The sever'd Body now unites agen,
And kindred Atoms rally into Men:
The various Joints resume their antient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats.
Here an imperfect Form returns to Light,
Not half renew'd, dishonest to the Sight;
Maim'd of his Nose appears his blotted Face,
And scarce the Image of a Man we trace.
Here by Degrees infus'd, the vital Ray
Gives the first Motion to the panting Clay:

Slow

Slow to new Life the thawing Fluids creep,
And the ſtiff Joints wake heavily from Sleep.
Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare,
And all the Figure labours with Deſpair.
From Scenes like theſe now turn thy wond'ring Sight,
And if thou canſt withſtand ſuch Floods of Light,
Look! where thy Saviour fills the middle Space,
The Son of God, true Image of his Face,
Himſelf eternal God, e'er Time began her Race.
See! what mild Beams their gracious Influence ſhed,
And how the pointed Radiance crowns his Head!
Around his Temples lambent Glories ſhine,
And on his Brow ſits Majeſty Divine;
His Eye-balls lighten with Celeſtial Fires,
And ev'ry Grace to ſpeak the God conſpires.
But ah! how chang'd, ah! how unlike the ſame
From Him, who patient wore the Mortal Frame;
Who thro' a Scene of Woes drew painful Breath,
And ſtruggled with a ſad, ſlow, long-drawn Death:
Who gave on *Golgotha* the dreadful Groan,
Bearer of other's Sins, and Suff'rings not his own.
But Death and Hell ſubdu'd, the Deity
Aſcends Triumphant to his native Sky;
And riſing far above th' Æthereal Height,
The Sun and Moon diminiſh to his Sight.
And now to View he bare'd his bleeding ſide,
And his pierc'd Hands and Feet, in Crimſon dy'd;
Still did the Nails the recent Scars reveal,
And bloody Tracks of the tranſfixing Steel.
Hither in Crouds the Bleſſed ſhape their Flight,
And throng the Manſions of immortal Light;
The menial Twelve, an ever faithful Band,
Around their Maſter ſit on either Hand;
Each Martyr-Saint in Glory ſhines conſeſt,
Immortal Pleaſures ruſhing to his Breaſt;

Sees Worlds up-rising from the silent Tomb
To final Judgment and eternal Doom;
They mark each fatal Word, each dreadful Nod;
And bless the Righteous Sentence of their God.
The fruitful Matron and the spotless Maid,
And Infants, with a longer Life repaid,
Stand round; and drinking in Celestial Rays,
On their Redeemer fix with ardent Gaze,
And all the Heav'ns resound with Hymns of Praise
Each Bosom kindles with Seraphic Joy,
And conscious Extacies the Soul employ.
Not equal Raptures swell the *Sybil*'s Breast,
When by the inmate Deity possess'd;
When *Phœbus* the Propheric Maid inspires,
And her Limbs tremble with convulsive Fires.

But whence this sudden Blaze of dazling Light!
What Mitred Brow is that, which greets my Sight?
Forth from a stately Tomb I see him Rise,
And mount with Guards of Angels to the Skies.
I know the Form—alike the Look and Mien,
Another *Wainfleet* in his Face is seen.
When will, alas! such spotless Worth be found?
When will a Mind with equal Virtues crown'd?
Fearless he sees almighty Vengeance rise,
And fixes on his God his guiltless Eyes.

But now far different Scenes our wonder claim,
Horrent with Darkness and Malignant Flame;
The labour'd wall delusive Picture hides,
And liquid Sulphur rolls in burning Tides:
So strong, so fierce, the painted Flames arise,
The pale Spectator views them with Surprize:
Believes the blazing wall indeed to burn,
And fears the Frame should into ashes turn.
Hither in ghastly Crouds the Guilty haste,
Obscene with Horror, and with Shame defac'd:

With

With haggard Looks the gloomy Fiends appear,
They gnash their foamy Teeth, and frown severe.
A stern *Avenger* with relentless Mind,
Waving a flamy Faulchion, stalks behind;
With which, as once from Paradise he drove,
He drives the Sinner from the Joys above.
What shall he do forlorn? or whither fly,
To shun the Ken of an all-seeing Eye?
What would he give among the Just to shine,
And fall before Omnipotence Divine?
But oh! too late in Sighs he vents his woe,
Too late his Eyes with gushing Tears o'erflow!
Vain are his Sighs, and fruitful are his Tears,
Vengeance and Justice stop th' *Almighty*'s Ears.
See! with what various Charms the Piece is fraught,
And with what pregnant Marks of Judgment wrought!
With how much Grace the living Colours glow!
Not brighter Colours paint the watry Bow;
When the fresh Show'rs her various Lustre share,
And ev'ry Drop with Spangles decks the air.
O! may the Painter's Labours never fade,
Nor wasteful Time their shining Charms invade,
No envious Darkness shade the beauteous Taints,
Till the Piece sees the Last Great Day it Paints.

A Birth-Day POEM.

By Dean SWIFT.

OH, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send!
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend:
Not with those Toys the Female Race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and Vanities that *tire*;

Nor

Not as the world its pretty *Slaves* rewards,
A Youth of Frolicks, an *Old-Age* of Cards;
Fair to no Purpoſe, artful to no End,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Let Joy, or Eaſe, let *Affluence*, or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a Life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry Thought, inſpirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and ſmile upon thy Face:
Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
Without a *Pain*, a *Trouble*, or a *Fear*;
Till Death unfelt that tender Frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extaſy of Joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come!

On *Eternity*.

By Mr. J. Gay,

E'ER the foundations of the world were laid,
E'er kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting skies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;

For

For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing Man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To morrow death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd herſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves diſarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of Man?
The virtuous ſoul purſue a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wiſhes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundleſs theme extends our thought,
Ten thouſand thouſand rolling years are nought.

ON THE

Laſt Judgment.

I.

THE Day of *Wrath*, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole *World* in aſhes lay,
As David and the Sybils ſay.

What

II.

*W*hat Horrour will invade the Mind,
*W*hen the ſtrict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III.

The laſt loud Trumpet's wondrous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
*A*nd wake the Nations under Ground.

IV.

Nature and Death ſhall with Surpriſe,
*B*ehold the pale Offender riſe,
And view the Judge with conſcious Eyes.

V.

Then ſhall with univerſal Dread,
The ſacred Myſtic Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge aſcends his awful Throne,
He makes each ſecret *S*in be known,
And all with Shame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then! what Int'reſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important Stake,
When the moſt Juſt have Cauſe to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhauſted Spring,
Some comforrable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ranſom coſt,
Nor let my dear-bought *S*oul be loſt,
In Storms of guilty Terror toſt.

Thou,

X.

Thou, who for me didſt feel ſuch Pain,
Whoſe precious Blood the Croſs did ſtain,
Let not thoſe Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou, whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too Great to pay)
Before the ſad accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whoſe Load my Soul with anguiſh bears,
I ſigh, I weep; accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou, who wert mov'd with *Mary*'s Grief,
And, by abſolving of the Thief,
Haſt giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Prayer;
Preſerve me from that dang'rous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place
Amongſt thy choſen Right-Hand Race,
The Sons of God and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that inſatiable Abyſs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiſs,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliſs.

XVII.

Proſtrate, my contrite Heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forſake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curſe their ſecond Breath,
Who riſe to a reviving Death.

Thou

Thou Great *Creator* of Mankind,
Let Guilty Man *Compaſſion find.*

On VIRTUE, &c. By Mr. POPE.

KNow then this truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is happineſs below:
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only, merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequal'd, if it's end it gain,
And, if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears.
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd,
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.
See! the ſole bliſs heav'n could on all beſtow,
Which who but feels, can taſte; but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' nature up to nature's God,
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n, and earth, and mortal, and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE *between a good Spirit newly parted from the Body, and the Angels that came to conduct him to Glory.*

By Mr. BOWDEN.

Spirit.

AT length the diſmal Strife is paſt,
The cruel bond diſſolv'd that held me back ſo faſt.
I felt when firſt the curdling blood grew cold,
And rapid wheels of life no longer roul'd;
With joy I felt all this, with joy reſign'd
My vital breath, and left the Fleſh behind:
Long, long I ſtruggled with my mortal chain,
Long bore the double load of Sin and Pain!
Long ſigh'd and wiſh'd for this auſpicious Day,
And wonder'd at the Moments dull delay.
Wide was the gulf, and deep, but now I'm o'er,

Am landed safe on the eternal shore.
Welcome for ever then this happy change,
Welcome the charming paths I now shall range;
Welcome first dawnings of immoral light,
Welcome ye glorious beings to my sight,

Angels.

And welcome, welcome to our peaceful arms,
We come to guard thee from all future harms?
From heav'ns high court we come, th' eternal king,
Whose will we all obey, and praises sing,
Sent us thus far, (so great his bounty is!)
To waft thee to the seats of endless bliss:
This morn we left his Throne -- the conquer'd light
Lagg'd dully after, wond'ring at our flight.

Spirit.

O sacred ministers of heav'ns decree!
O you that stream with radiant majesty!
Why on this message sent? why this regard to me?

Return

Return, return, to heav'n from whence you
came,
There warble hymns to the creator's name,
Make ſhining circles there around his
throne,
'Tis he deſerves ſuch guards, and he alone:
Unworthy I in ſuch a grace to ſhare?
Unworthy of your leaſt regard or care.

Angels.

Not thy deſerts, but free unbounded love,
Was all the ſpring that cou'd thy maker
move:
That love which did at firſt thy being raiſe,
Preſerve thy health, and number out thy
days,
And all thoſe num'rous ample gifts beſtow
While yet a tenant of the world below?
That love which ſent his dear and only ſon
To ranſom thee, and all mankind undone;
Sent him to feel th' extreams of miſery,
To want, to mourn, be tortur'd, bleed and
die;

Which

Which ſhelter'd thee from the avenging ſtroke,
And hell's eternal chain aſunder broke:
Which heav'ns immortal doors ſet open wide,
And did in ſhining paths of virtue guide;
Ev'n that now ſends us forth to lead the way
To the bright regions of celeſtial day.

Nor come we only for ſolemnity,
To make a pompous progreſs thro' the sky;
Thou need'ſt theſe rays, thou need'ſt theſe potent arms,
To guide and guard thee from ſurrounding harms;

For long's the way, and vaſt, thou art to ſteer,
No land-marks there, nor beaten roads appear
Ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand leagues, and more,
Thou muſt thro' fields of trackleſs Æther ſoar,

And

And here thou'lt paſs th' unhoſpitable plains,
Where night in everlaſting ſilence reigns,
Where no glad rays do e'er the gloom adorn,
Save what by us are in our paſſage worn:
There mighty orbs will roll acroſs the skies,
And comets of prodigious form and ſize.
Myriads of ſtarry worlds ſurprize thy ſight
With blazes of unſufferable light.

Thus then by turns thou'lt need our powerful aid,
Our rays to light, and ſpreading wings to ſhade.

Beſides — Apoſtate angels in thy way,
More thick than falling leaves of autumn ſtray;
Theſe, were we abſent, tho' they can't deſtroy,
In ſpight would all their helliſh arts annoy:
Some dreſt in hideous ſhapes, wou'd ſtalk before,
Some dog it after with infernal roar;

Some

Some icy hills along thy paſſage ſtrow,
Some make thro' pitchy clouds red light-
'ning glow,
Some thunder from above, ſome from be-
low.
And when theſe frightful methods don't a-
vail,
Nor ſhock thy peace, nor make thy courage
fail,
They'll next with tender, flatt'ring charms
amuſe,
And all their ſoft enticing arts will uſe;
Will ſeem like us, celeſtial angels fair;
Such their proportion, ſuch their mien and
air,
In all the bloom of heav'nly youth appear,
And with melodious ſounds invite th' ear:
Here warb'ling birds will ſoftly hover round
While ſilver fountains murmur to the ſound:
Their flow'ry fields their fragrancy diſpenſe,
And with ten thouſand beauties court thy
ſenſe.
Theſe arts, and more, if found alone, they'll
try
To curb thy ſoaring flight, and ſtain thy
Piety.

But

But at our ſight they feel a trembling awe,
Run howling o'er the waſte, and to their dens withdraw.

Nor think we ſuch a charge as this diſdain,
And undergo the humble task with pain.
For ev'ry part of the Almighty's will,
With eager joy, with raptures we fulfil;
But love itſelf's a powerful motive here,
Love makes thee to theſe eyes, theſe arms moſt dear.
Let's then aſcend — And thus we ſpread our wings,
And thus we ſoar — Adieu to earthly things.

Spirit.

Adieu, adieu, with joy, dear guides I go,
Adieu the nauſeous ſink of ſin and woe.
No more ſhall I thoſe diſmal proſpects view,
Which did each day my bitter griefs renew.
No more behold the perſecutors rage,
Nor all the monſtrous vices of the age.
In *Meſech*'s curſed tents no more ſhall dwell,
No more be tortur'd with the Sons of hell.

No

No more ſhall ſin's foul ſtains pollute my ſoul,
Nor earthly cares my better part controul.
No more ſhall bear diſeaſes cruel ſmart,
Nor feel death's fatal arrows wound my heart.

Angels.

No, happy ſoul, thy tragic part is o'er,
Thy ſorrows all are fled, thy dangers are no more.
Pure love, triumphant peace, and high renown
Shall float around thee now, and all thy labours crown.
Happy the day that ſaw thee leave thy ſin,
And bravely Vertue's ſhining race begin.
That ſaw thee hearken to the voice of God,
His laws obey, and tremble at his rod,
Saw thee diſſolve before his flaming love,
And towards his awful throne in holy breathings move.
O had'ſt thou ſtill thy darling vice purſu'd,
And ſtill been like thy tempters, vain and lewd,

How

How wretched now had been thy certain fate!
And in what floods of tears woud'ſt thou repent too late?
Thou muſt, for theſe kind looks and arms of ours
Have felt the fury of infernal pow'rs,
To hell's dark priſon in their paws been drawn,
Where goblins ſtalk, ſnakes hiſs, and monſters yawn;
Where roaring flames, and ſhrieks of thoſe in pains,
Mix with the yells of fiends, and clinks of chains
Where no bright morn diſplays a chearful face,
But crouding horrors fill the gloomy ſpace,
And num'rous dreadful woes all joys for ever chace.
But now thou'rt ſafe -- and now to heav'n we go,
To heav'n where ties of endleſs Glory flow,
And light's diffuſive rays no limits know:
Where ſcenes of bliſs, and charming wonders dwell,

Wonders

Wonders too big for angels tongues to tell!
There ſits th' Almighty thron'd in awful ſtate,
As kind as high, as good as he is great;
From thence his eyes remoteſt corners pierce,
And range thro' all the ſpacious univerſe,
From thence he ſcatters bleſſings, and from thence
Does ſov'reign rule to num'rous worlds diſpence,
While meaneſt creatures feel his chearing influence.
Immortal beams his dazling throne ſurround,
And in his preſence all delights abound.
Seraph, and cherub, bow before his ſeat,
And everlaſting ſongs of praiſe repeat:
Down proſtrate at his feet themſelves they lay,
His mighty name adore, and dread commands obey.
Theſe, and the ſaints ſhall thy companions be,
The ſaints, from all their imperfections free,
And grac'd with knowledge, love and piety.

We

We all are there array'd in heav'nly light,
And all in ſtricteſt bonds of love unite.
And jointly all with rapt'rous ardour ſing
Glad hallelujahs to th' eternal King.
There too thou ſhalt thy kind Redeemer ſee,
Who ſcorn'd his ſtate, and left all heav'n for thee;
Shalt feel the tranſports of his charming face,
And dwell for ever in his dear embrace.
Thy pious friends who fought with vice below,
And ſtood the torrent till death's fatal blow,
In theſe bleſt manſions thou again ſhalt find
More pure, more wiſe, more generous and kind.
Thy dear *Palemon*, dearer than thy ſoul,
Whoſe mighty loſs thou did'ſt ſo long condole,
Who with thee joy'd to run the glorious race,
With equal love, and with an equal pace,
Shall thee agen with ſoft careſſes meet,
And in loud welcomes thy arrival greet;

You both ſhall now your ſacred flames improve
Shall both diſſolve in pure empireal love,
For ever both in theſe bright realms remain,
In joys be delug'd, and in glory reign.

A

DIALOGUE

Between the fallen Angels and a human Spirit juſt entred into the other World.

By an unknown Hand.

Human Spirit.

LOng ſtrug'ling in the agonies of death,
With horror I reſign my mortal breath,
With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
And ſhiv'ring on its utmoſt edges ſtood,
Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,
I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy ſteep:
And

And here of ev'ry hope bereft, I find
My ſelf a naked, an unbody'd mind,
My lov'd, my fond, officious friends in vain
My fleeting Soul endeavour'd to retain;
In vain its blooming manſion did invite,
Grandeaur, and wealth, and love, and ſoft delight,
With tempting calls in vain its flight would ſtay,
When forc'd by the ſevere decree away.
'Tis paſt, and all like a thin viſion gone,
For which I have my wretched Soul undone,
And wand'ring on this dark deteſted ſhore,
My eyes ſhall view the upper light no more.

Fallen Angels.

Then welcome to the regions of deſpair,
Thy ruin coſt us much deſign and care,
And thou hadſt 'ſcap'd but for one happy ſnare,
And in the bliſsful skies ſupply'd the place
Of ſome fall'n ſpirit of our nobler race;
Thou cou'dſt the thirſt of wine and wealth controul,
And no malicious ſin has ſtain'd the ſoul,

But

But for the joys of one forbidden love
Has loſt the boundleſs extaſies above.

Humane Spirit.

And all was freely, freely all was loſt;
How dear has one ſhort dream of pleaſure coſt!
But yet this fatal, this enchanting dream,
I ſhould perhaps to heaven it ſelf eſteem,
Were it as permanent: But ah! 'tis gone;
And I a wretch abandon'd and undone;
Of God, of every ſmiling hope, am left,
And all my dear delights on earth bereft,
While here for gilded roofs, and painted Bowers.
For pleaſant walks, and beds of fragrant Flowers,
I find polluted dens, and pitchy ſtreams,
And burning paths with beds of raging flames;
Inſtead of muſick's ſweet inſpiring ſound,
Repeated yells, and endleſs groans, go round
And for the lovely faces of my friends,
I meet the ghaſtly viſages of fiends.

A thouſand nameleſs terrors are behind,
Deſpair, confuſion, fury ſeize my mind
But will my griefs no happy period find.

Fallen Angels.

Count all the twinkling glories of the ſky,
Count all the drops that in the ocean lye,
Of all the earthy globe the atoms count,
Eternal years thy numbers ſtill ſurmount.
Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
Thy miſery, thy hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliſs had been
But for one darling, one beloved ſin;
Cold to the baits of any other vice
Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice
By this, or all our ſtratagems had fail'd,
By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.
Poor ſottiſh ſoul! Below our envy now,
For what a toy did'ſt thou a heaven forego!

Humane Spirit.

O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell,
Juſt miſſing heaven but aggravates my hell.

Fallen Angels.

Thou know'ſt not what thou'ſt loſt, but we too well
The glories of that happy place can tell.
There endleſs heights of extaſie they prove,
There's laſting beauty and immortal love;
There flowing pleaſures in full torrents roul,
For pleaſures form'd, this loſs muſt rack thy ſoul.

Human Spirit.

With how much cruely you aggravate
My miſeries intolerable weight.

Fallen Angels.

Our envy once, thou'rt now become our ſcorn,
In vain for thee the ſon of God was born;
That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
Too glorious for the fall'n angelick race,
Serves only to exaſperate thy doom,
And give th' infernal ſhades a darker gloom.

Humane

Human Spirit.

Oh that's the wounding circumſtance of all,
To lower depths of woe I cannot fall:
Ye curſt tormentors, now your rage is ſpent,
Your fury can no further hell invent;
A ſaviour's title, a redeemers Blood,
Their wrath till now I little underſtood.

A

PROSPECT

OF

DEATH.

A *Pindarique* ESSAY.

I

SInce we can die but once, and after death
Our ſtate no alteration knows;
But, when we have reſign'd our breath,
Th' immortal ſpirit goes
To endleſs joys, or everlaſting woes.

Wiſe is that man who labours to ſecure
The mighty and important ſtate;
And by all methods, ſtrives to make
His paſſage ſafe, and his reception ſure.
Merely to die, no man of reaſon fears,
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to duſt:
'Tis the laſt point of many ling'ring years.
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain wou'd know;
But human underſtanding cannot ſhow.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehenſions in the mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs doubts, and wild debates
Concerning what, we living cannot find.
None know what death is, but the dead.
Therefore we all by nature dying dread,
As a ſtrange doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful hour to live,

No

No hopes, no proſpect of a kind reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the Tomb,
How moving, and how mournful is the ſight,
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad;
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had;
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
To chear our drooping Souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in Bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of reſt,
Wiſhing for death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts diſtract our breaſt:
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppreſt.

III.

Our face is moiſten'd with a clammy ſweat,
Faint and irregular the Pulſes beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
Our dying eyes roul heavily about;
Their light juſt going out;

And

And for ſome kind aſſiſtance call,
But pity, uſeleſs pity's all
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive;
Tho their deſires are great, their pow'rs are ſmall.
The Tongue's unable to declare
The pains, the griefs, the miſeries we bear;
How inſupportable our Torments are.
Muſick no more delights our deaf 'ning ears,
Reſtores our joys, or diſſipates our fears;
But all is melancholly, all is ſad.
In robes of deepeſt mourning clad:
For ev'ry faculty, and ev'ry ſenſe
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

IV.

Then we're inſenſible, too late,
'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great:
For all the fulſome pride, and pageantry of ſtate
No conſolation brings.
Riches and honours, then are uſeleſs things,
Taſtleſs, and bitter all;

And

And like the book, which the Apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to nauſeouſneſs and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping ſpirits chear
But their remembrance of good actions paſt,
Virtue's a joy that will for ever laſt;
And makes pale Death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful ſting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark Anti-chambers of the Grave,
What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,
All that our cares and induſtry had gain'd,
All that our fraud, our art, our policy obtain'd,
Cou'd we recall thoſe fatal hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs vanities,
Ambitious follies, and luxurious eaſe;
For then they urge our terrors, and increaſe our pain.

V.

Our friends and relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in tears to ſee us die:
And plunge into the deep abyſs of wide Eternity.

In

In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their ſorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable eſtate,
But what, alaſs, can pity do,
To ſoften the decrees of fate!
Beſides the ſentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preſerve our breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſsful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.
Mournful they look, and croud about our bed,
One with officious haſte
Brings us a cordial, we want ſenſe to taſte:
Another ſoftly raiſes up our head,
This wipes away the ſweat, that, ſighing cries,
See what convulſions, what ſtrong agonies,
Both ſoul and body undergo!
His pains no intermiſſion know;
For ev'ry gaſp of air he draws, returns in ſighs,
Each wou'd his kind aſſiſtance lend

To

To ſerve his dear relation, or his dearer friend.
But ſtill in vain with deſtiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries adieu,
Adieu my child, now I muſt follow you.
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our ſons, who in their tender years
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and kneeling cry
Bleſs us, O father! now before you die,
Bleſs us, and be you bleſt to all eternity.
Our friend whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind,
Without me fly, to the bleſt ſeats above?
Without me, did I ſay, ah no!
Without thy friend thou can'ſt not go,
For tho' thou leav'ſt me grov'ling here below,

My ſoul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy ſpirit company,
Thro' the bright paſſage of the yielding skie.
Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy ſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeperate
(For 'tis not in the power of fate)
My friend, my beſt, my deareſt friend, and me:
But ſince it muſt be ſo, farewel
For ever! no; for we ſhall meet agen,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where juſt ſpirits dwell.

VII.

The ſoul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal ſtrife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterſcarps of life;
By ſlow degrees retires toward the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With

With all the kind artilleries of art;
Botanick legions guarding ev'ry port.
But death, whoſe arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal ſiege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battallions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble Cittadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and He
Pretends to make a ſolid peace,
But tis all ſham, all artifice;
That we may negligent and careleſs be:
For if his armies are withdrawn to day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His troops return ſome unſuſpected way;
While in the ſoft embrace of ſleep we lye
The ſecret murd'rers ſtab us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our firſt parents fall,
Inevitable death deſcends on all,
A portion none of human race can miſs,
But that which makes it ſweet, or bitter, is
The fears of miſery, or certain hopes of
Bliſs:

For

For when the impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy,
If any ſenſe at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,
The earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendious woe
Which they to all eternity do undergo;
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting chains.
Infernal ſpirits hover in the air,
Like rav'nous wolves, to ſeize upon the prey,
And hurry the departed ſouls away
To the dark Receptacles of deſpair;
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous day,
When the loud trump ſhall call them to appear
Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere:
By whoſe juſt ſentence they muſt go
To everlaſting pains, and endleſs woe.

IX.

But the good man, whoſe ſoul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From

From all the ugly ſtains of luſt and villany,
Of mercy, and of Pardon ſure;
Looks through the darkneſs of the gloomy night,
And ſees the dawning of the glorious day;
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey
His ſoul, whene'er ſhe takes her flight,
To the ſurprizing manſions of Immortal light.
Then the Celeſtial Guards around him ſtand,
Nor ſuffer the black Dæmons of the air
T' oppoſe his paſſage to the promis'd land;
Or terrify his thoughts with wild Deſpair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His Prayer, his Charity, his Virtues preſs,
To plead for mercy, when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy number's loſt;
And thoſe bright Advocates ne'er want ſucceſs.
But when the ſoul's releas'd from dull Mortallity,
She paſſes up in triumph thro' the skie;
Where ſhe's united to a glorious throng
Of Angels, who with a Celeſtial ſong,
Congratulate her conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

X.

If therefore all muſt quit the ſtage,
When or how ſoon we cannot know,
But late or early we are ſure to go;
In the freſh bloom of youth, or wither'd age;
We cannot take too ſedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair,
For as we die, we muſt remain,
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with heav'n, or to return again.
The heathen, who no better underſtood
Than what the light of nature taught declar'd
No future miſery cou'd be prepar'd,
For the ſincere, the merciful, the good;
But if there was a ſtate of reſt,
They ſhou'd with the ſame happineſs be bleſt,
As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, poſſeſt.
We have the promiſe of eternal truth,
Thoſe

Thoſe who live well, and pious paths purſue,
To man, and to their maker true,
Let 'em expire in age, or youth,
Can never miſs
Their way to everlaſting bliſs:
But from a world of miſery and care,
To manſions of eternal eaſe repair:
Where joy in full perfection flows,
No interruption, no ceſſation knows,
But in a mighty circle round for ever goes.

The MEDITATION.

I.

IT muſt be done, my ſoul, but 'tis a ſtrange,
A diſmal, and myſterious change!
When thou ſhalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown *ſomewhere* wing away,
When time ſhall be eternity, and thou

Shalt be thou know'ſt not what, and live
thou know'ſt not how.

II.

Amazing ſtate! No wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the dead;
Thou'rt all wrapt up in ſhades, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had Antipathy:
Death could not a more ſad retinue find,
Sickneſs and pain before, and darkneſs all
behind.

III.

Some courteous Ghoſt tell this great ſecrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt be.
You warn us of approaching Death, and
why
May we not know from you, what 'tis to
die?
But you have ſhot the Gulph, delight to
ſee
Succeeding ſouls plunge in with like uncer-
tainty.

IV.

When life's cloſe knot by writ from deſtiny,
Diſeaſe ſhall cut, or age untye,

When

When after ſome delays, ſome dying ſtriſe,
The ſoul ſtands ſhivering on the ridge of Life,
With what a dreadful Curioſit y
Does ſhe launch out into the ſea of vaſt Eternity.

V.

So when the ſpacious Globe was delug'd o'er
And lower Holds could ſave no more,
On th' utmoſt boughs th' aſtoniſh'd ſinners ſtood,
And view'd th' advances of th' incroaching Flood.
O'er-topp'd at length by th' elements increaſe.
With horror they reſign'd to the untry'd abyſs.

VERSES by a Gentlewoman in a Weak State of Health, on Reading the Works of Madam de Mottevil, *a French Lady*

NO more let men ſuperior Wiſdom boaſt,
They can but equal *Mottevil* at moſt:
Let them who pride them in their better ſenſe,
Read, hear, and learn humility from hence.
Ye heedleſs Fair! who paſs the live-long day,
In dreſs and ſcandal, gallantry and play;
Who thro' new ſcenes of pleaſure hourly run,
Whilſt life's important bus'neſs is undone:
Look here, and ſee when conqueſts you obtain,
How ſad repentance cloſes up the ſcene.
If future bliſs or miſery muſt flow,
From what the heart delights in here below;
Think how theſe habits rooted in the breaſt,
Will fit you for a commerce with the bleſt.

Not

Not ſo this pious penetrating Dame
Who to the ſacred fountain trac'd the ſtream
Fair excellence! whom I ſo juſtly prize,
Who in a Court found leiſure to be wiſe:
Thou honour to thy Sex, may I purſue,
The paths of wiſdom pointed out by you.
Since I am deſtin'd to a low eſtate,
Free from the vanities that vex the great,
Bleſt with an happineſs to Courts unknown,
For I, thank heav'n, may call my hours my own.
O! may I ſpend thoſe hours in ſuch a way,
As may prepare me for the *laſt great Day*.
That I may unappall'd liſt up my head,
When the Arch-angel calls — Ariſe ye Dead!
When all the haughty pompous ſons of Luſt,
Who in terreſtrial things have plac'd their Truſt;
Who here to their confuſion largely quaſt,
Proſperity's intoxicating draught.
Till drunk with bleſſings they deſpis'd their God,
Arraign'd his wiſdom, and defy'd his Rod:

Too late ſhall find, that arm they durſt
oppoſe,
Can pour Eternal Vengeance on his foes,
Reflect, my Soul, that Day is drawing
near,
And timely think, what was your Bus'neſs
here.
O Thou! whoſe arm reach'd down from
heav'n to ſave,
So lately ſnatch'd me from the open grave;
Who bow'd thine ear, nor let me ſue in
vain,
Reliev'd my Sickneſs, and remov'd my
Pain.
In hallow'd Strains, O teach my Soul to
ſoar,
To celebrate the mercy I Adore:
To thee alone to Dedicate my lays,
Who heard my prayers, and added to my
days;
Watch o'er my heart, fix every Duty
there,
And make Eternity my only care.

On the Fallen Angels.

SATAN with hideous ruin thus ſuppreſt,
Expell'd the ſeat of Bleſſedneſs and reſt,
Look'd back, and ſaw the *high eternal mound*,
Where all his rebel hoſt their *outlet* found
Reſtor'd impregnable: The breach made up,
And garriſons of angels rang'd a top;
In front a hundred thouſand thunders roll,
And light'nings temper'd to transfix a ſoul,
Terror of *Devils*. *Satan* and his hoſt,
Now to themſelves as well as ſtations loſt,
Unable to ſupport the hated ſight
Expand *ſeraphic* wings, as ſwift as light
Seek for new ſafety in *eternal night*.

In the remoteſt gulphs of *darkneſs* land,
Here vengeance gives them leave to make their ſtand,

Not

Not that to ſteps and meaſures they pretend,
Councils and *ſchemes* their ſtation to defend;
But broken, diſconcerted and *diſmay'd*,
By guilt and fright, to guilt and fright *betray'd*;
Rage and confuſion ev'ry ſprite poſſeſs'd,
And *ſhame* and *horror* ſwell'd in ev'ry breaſt,
Transforming envy to their eſſentials burns,
And the *bright angel* to a *frightful dev'l* turns.
Thus hell began: the fire of conſcious rage
No years can quench, no length of time aſſwage
Material fire, with its intenſeſt flame,
Compar'd with this can ſcarce deſerve a name;
How ſhall it up to *immaterials* riſe,
When we're all flame, we ſhall all fire deſpiſe.
This fire outrageous, and it's heat intenſe
Turns all the pain of *loſs* to pain of *ſenſe*.
The folding flames *concave* and *inward* roll,
Act upon *ſpirit*, and penetrate the *ſoul*:
Not force of *Devils* can its new pow'rs repel;
Where e'er it burns it *finds* or *makes a Hell*;

For

For *Satan* flaming with unquench'd desire
Forms *his own Hell*, and kindles *his own fire*
Vanquish'd, *not humbl'd*, not in will brought low,
But as his *pow'rs* decline, his *passions* grow
The malice *Viper like*, takes vent within,
Gnaws its own bowels, and burits-in *its own sin.*
Impatient of the change *he scorns to bow*,
And never *impotent* in pow'r, *till now*;
Ardent with hate, and *with revenge* distract,
A will to new attempts, but none to *act*;
Yet all *seraphic*, and in just degree,
Suited to *spirits high sense* of misery,
Deriv'd from *loss* which *nothing* can repair,
And *room for nothing left* but mere despair.
Here's finish'd Hell, what fiercer fire *can burn*?
Enough ten thousand Worlds to over-turn.
Hell's but the frenzy of defeated pride,
Seraphic Treason's strong impetuous tide,
Where vile ambition *disappointed* first,
To its own *rage* and boundless *hatred* curst;

The

The *hate's fann'd up to fury*, that to flame,
For *fire* and *fury* are in kind the ſame;
Theſe burn unquenchable in every face,
And the word *Endleſs* conſtitutes the place.
O *ſtate of Being!* where being's the only grief,
And the *chief torture's* to be damn'd to life;
O *life!* the only thing they have to hate;
The *finiſh'd torment* of a future ſtate,
Compleat in all the parts of endleſs mis'ry,
And worſe ten thouſand times than *not* to *Be!*
Could but the damn'd *th' immortal law* repeal,
And *Devils die*, there'd be an end of *Hell*;
Could they that thing call'd *Being* annihilate,
There'd be no *ſorrows* in a future ſtate;
The Wretch whoſe crimes had ſhut him out *on high*,
Could be reveng'd on God himſelf, *and die*;
Job's wife was in the right, and always we
Might end by death all human miſery,
Might have it in our choice, *to be*, or not to be.

On

ON THE RESURRECTION

MY Harbingers the ſeven Archangels bright.
Hark how their trumps the guilty world affright;
The awful trump of God! a call they ſound,
Is heard thro' nature's univerſal Round,
That ſignal heard from the diſſolving ſky,
Decrepid nature lays her down to dye.
Not ſo man's deathleſs race, who now revive,
And muſt in Joy or Pain for ever live.
From long confining tombs each dusky gueſt
Diſturb'd ariſe, moſt never more to reſt.
The cluſtring atoms, as before they were,
Together troop, the Earth, the Sea, the Air,

Give

Give up their dead, how different all they
riſe!
Theſe light and chearful, theſe behold the
skies
With looks adverſe, and horrid, how they
ſhine
All dreadful bright, all red with wrath di-
vine!
Even yon fair ſtar, whoſe webs of light diſ-
perſe
Their golden threads around the univerſe,
Looſe from its centre down heaven's hill
muſt roll,
And by its fall unhinge the ſteddy pole.
And whilſt it hiſſing in th' abyſs is ſound,
Ten thouſand leſſer ſuns lye ſcatter'd round.
The moon's bright eye ſhall dark and blood-
ſhot grow,
Reflecting only ſmoke and fire below.
Vaſt heaps on heaps, thick orbs on orbs are
hurl'd,
Chaos on chaos, world confus'd with world,
Huge ſpheres ſo faſt each after other roll'd,
Even boundleſs ſpace their ruins ſcarce will
hold.

If

If the great whole's no more from fate ſecure,
What ravage ſhall this little part endure?
This point in the great circle as before,
When by th' impetuous deluge floated o'er,
The oceans both of heaven and earth did join,
Both with the fountains of the deep combine,
And wave did after wave unweary'd come,
Sea after ſea from its hydropic womb:
So from the ſources whence that ruin came
Delug'd with ſeats of fire and waves of flame.
As when heaven's vengeance on curſt *Sodom* fell,
The world's one *Tophet*, now one *Ætna*, or one *Hell*,
From earth's wide womb large floods of flame ſhall flow
The *fiery worlds* above ſhall meet with theſe below,
Hence holy ſouls refin'd, and made more bright,
Shall ſafe immerge to worlds of calmer light,
Whilſt thoſe ſtill ſtain'd with odious marks of ſin,
Muſt deſperate ſink, for ever ſink therein.

But

But first that doom, which they deserv'd so well,
They must receive that sentence, half their hell.
The thrones are set, the conscious angels wait,
And turn th' eternal brazen leaves of Fate.
High in the midst shall my Tribunal stand,
Apostles, Prophets, Saints at my right Hand:
Martyrs Confessors, a most glorious train,
Now well content to suffer, then to reign;
Whilst on the left a dismal gloomy band
Of Kings, proud Nobles, factious Commons stand:
Lewd Priests, Apostate Poets, who disgrace
Their Character, and stain their heaven-born race.
Lean Hypocrites who by long *fasts and prayer*,
Get damn'd with much of Pains, and much of Care.
But strange! there will not be an Atheist there.
All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they're mingled seen,
To you I'll with applauding smiles begin.

Come

Come you by me, and my great Father bleſt,
Come holy Souls to endleſs Peace and Reſt.
For ſome ſhort Years of Miſery and Pain,
In Light and Joy, for ever with me reign
In that bleſt place, before all Worlds prepar'd,
By Heavenly Skill, by Hands Almighty rear'd.
In that bad World your ſelves you've faithful ſhown,
You own'd me there, and you in this I'll own.
Fainting for Hunger me you oft reliev'd,
And burnt with Thirſt I your kind aid receiv'd.
Wide wandring thro' the World, you entertain'd,
Half naked, not my poverty diſdain'd,
But careful Cloath'd, when ſick your Help did lend,
Nay, even impriſon'd, not forſook your Friend.
With modeſt Joy in their enlighten'd Eyes,
Thus humbly all the Righteous Hoſt replies:

Thy Mercy, not our Merits, Lord, we own
Muſt place us by thee on thy radiant Throne.
Much of our ſelves, of Ill our ſelves we know,
Such Good alaſs! when did we ever do.

Thus they—thus will again the King rejoin
Thoſe Kindneſſes I ſtill accounted mine,
My Friends receiv'd, theſe I did ſtill record,
And this great Day ſhall bring their full Reward.

Then to th' Unjuſt he turns, who trembling wait
Their too well known intollerable Fate.
Juſtice unmix'd dwells on his angry Brow,
Tho' Mercy only there, and Pardon now.
(Ah what a Change! why will they not relent,
Since now they may? why will they not repent?
Yet, yet, there's Hope, I'll cover all their Sins;
Then all too late, for thus their Judge begins.

Go

Go ye accurſt, to endleſs Torment go,
For ſuch your choice, to endleſs Worlds of woe,
Prepar'd at firſt for thoſe loſt Spirits that fell,
You ſhar'd their Crimes, now doom'd to ſhare their Hell.
In t'other World unkind yourſelves you've ſhown;
Me you diſown'd, you now I here diſown:
Fainting for Hunger, me you'd not relieve,
For Thirſt you'd not one Cup of Water give,
When wandring thro' the World ne'er entertain'd,
Half naked, Poor and Mean, you me diſdain'd:
Or Cloath'd with Stripes, when Sick did Curſes lend,
For Balm, impriſon'd; Stones for Bread you ſend.

With all the haſte of impudent Deſpair,
They'll all deny, and ask me when and where?
To them my Anſwer, like the laſt ſhall be,
What to my Brethren's done, is done to me.

A Place there is from Heaven's ſweet Light debarr'd,
Where diſmal Shrieks of guilty Souls are heard:
Loud Yells, deep Groans, thick Stripes, long clank of Chains,
There ſolid everlaſting Darkneſs reigns.
Even that ſad Fire, which on the Wretched feeds
(Nor new ſupplies of Matter ever needs,)
Lends 'em no Gleam, no comfortable Ray,
But change of Torments, meaſure Night *and* Day
Hither black Fiends ſhall ſnatch th' Unjuſt a-way.
And on the Ruins of this flaming Ball,
Tormentors and Tormented both ſhall fall,
Whilſt to th' Abyſs on Waves of Sulphur toſt
And in that direful Gulph for ever loſt.

Not ſo the Juſt; who ſhall their Lord attend
To worlds of Joy, ſhall know no bound nor end.

A

A Place there is remov'd far, far away,
From that faint Lamp that makes this Mortal Day.
A bliſsful place, that knows no Clouds or Night,
But God's high Throne ſcatters perpetual Light.
There Angels live, there Saints ſo far reſign'd,
Their Bodies ſcarce leſs glorious than their Mind.
There true Eternal Friendſhip all profeſs,
There in the height of Piety poſſeſs
The *Heaven of Heavens*, the height of *Happineſs*.
Perfect their Joys, yet ſtill their Joys improve,
For ſtill the Infinite they ſee, and love.
Here ſhall they enter, here triumphant plac'd,
Unutterable Bliſs for ever taſte;
In mine, and my great Father's Arms embrac'd.

DEATH:

A SONNET.

WHEN Life's firſt Bloom affords untainted Joy,
And Youthful Spirits warm the bounding Heart,
Death ſhakes his Dart in vain, his Terrors fly
Before the Scoffer's Jeſt, or Reaſoner's Art.

How chang'd the Scene when raging Pains aſſail,
And fainting Nature feels her Period near,
Nor Reaſon's Powers, nor Fancy's Charms avail,
Mirth learns to Sigh, Philoſophy to fear.

Tho'

Tho' Reason's Lamp, and Fancy's wandring Fire
Amidst the Horrors of that Night expire,
Religion kindly lends a steadier Ray;
Her bright Effulgence dissipates the Gloom,
Expels the Terrors of the yauning Tomb,
And Guides the Joyful Soul to lasting Day.

VERSES wrote by a Gentleman *in an* EPILEPTIC *Fit.*

Non omnis Morian multaq; pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam! Hor.

WHEN sudden Vapours whirl the Brain around,
Till the Man falls, as dying, to the Ground,
When prest with slowly circulating Blood,
Struggles the Heart t' eject the incumbent Load;

His Sweats, ſuch as bedew the Marble Stone,
And every labour'd Breath returns a Groan:
If then the Soul calm and ſerene remains,
And, nought affected with the Body's Pains,
Can clearly Think, can ev'ry Thought perſue,
And cloath the Subject with the Language due,
'Tis plain ſhe has no Aid from Head or Heart,
And if ſhe acts without them, can apart;
And if apart one Moment ſhe's ſecure,
She muſt to all Eternity endure.
O Glorious Thought! O ſure eſtabliſh'd Truth!
Shalt thou then flouriſh in Immortal Youth?
This Frame diſſolv'd, ſhalt thou remain entire?
Not hurt by falling Worlds, not touch'd by Fire;
Let me conſider thee, henceforth, my Soul,
Not as my better Part, but as my Whole.

Bleſſed

Bleſſed are the Dead which die in the Lord.
Rev. xiv. 13.

HARK! from on High a chearing Voice,
Lend all a Liſt'ning Ear:
'Twill make each pious Heart rejoice,
And Vanquiſh ev'ry Fear,

Write, henceforth, Bleſſed are the Dead,
That in the Lord ſhall die:
Their weary Fleſh, as on a Bed,
Soft in the Grave ſhall lie.
Whilſt their glad Souls, at laſt releas'd,
To Heaven ſhall take their flight;
There to enjoy Eternal Reſt,
And Infinite Delight.
They'l drop each Load, as they aſcend,
And bid farewell to Woe:
Their Labours with their Lives ſhall end,
Their Reſt no Period know.

They'l

They'l drudge no more for Daily Bread,
No more of Sin complain,
No more be pinch'd with any Need,
Nor griev'd with any Pain:
Their Conflicts there with buſy Foes,
For evermore ſhall ceaſe:
None ſhall their pleaſing work oppoſe,
Or once diſturb their Peace.
But vaſt Rewards ſhall recompence
Their hearty Service here:
And perfect Love ſhall baniſh thence,
All Diffidence and Fear.
Nay there their very Work ſhall pleaſe,
And Duty yield them Joy:
Their Service feed their Bliſs and Eaſe,
And never tyre nor cloy.

ON

ON HEAVEN.

I.

HAIL ſacred *Salem* plac'd on High!
Seat of the mighty King,
What thought can graſp thy boundleſs bliſs?
What Tongue thy Glories ſing.

II.

Thy chryſtal Towers and Palaces
Magnificently riſe,
And dart their beauteous Luſtre round
The Empirean Skies.

III.

The Voice of Triumph in thy Streets,
And Acclamations, ſound:
Gay Banquets in thy ſplendid Courts,
And Nuptial Joys abound.

IV.

IV.

Bright Smiles on ev'ry Face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry Eye;
From ev'ry Mouth glad Anthems flow,
And charming Harmony.

V.

Illuſtrious Day for ever there,
Streams from the Face Divine:
No pale-fac'd Moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor Stars, nor Sun decline.

VI.

No ſearching Heats, no piercing Colds,
The changing Seaſons bring,
But o'er the Fields mild Breezes there
Breathe an eternal Spring.

VII.

The Flowers with laſting Beauty ſhine,
And deck the ſmiling Ground,
While flowing Streams of Pleaſure all
The happy Plains ſurround.

FINIS.

CON-